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PRINCE'S LODGE, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

## Original Communications.

### PRINCE'S LODGE, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

In journeying from Halifax to Windsor, a rising town on the northern coast of Nova Scotia, the traveller's route is along the margin of Bedford Basin, the road at times skirting a wild and partially reclaimed waste; at others winding with the varied undulations of the ground through a thick grove of white birch and maple, and crossing innumerable noisy rivulets which pour their tributary waters down rocky and deep ravines into that noble inlet of the sea. At a distance of six miles from the former town

is the neat little inn of Rockingham, which was metamorphosed, a few years since, from a comfortless guard-house attached to the Duke of Kent's country residence, when Governor-general of British America, to as snug a little hostelry as the western colonies can hold out to the wayfarer. "Prince's Lodge," or "*the Lodge*" *par excellence*, is within three hundred yards of the inn, but as much further back from the basin. Its situation is exceedingly beautiful; the ground gradually falling away towards a summer-

house, or music-room, on a rock at the basin's edge, over whose broad and beautiful expanse of deep blue water nestling among the hills it commands a most lovely view, as well as of the dark forests and scattered settlements on the opposite shore at Dartmouth. On the waters immediately in front, the gallant, but unfortunate Duke d'Anville, and his equally ill-fated successor, Admiral d'Estournelle, terminated their lives in the disastrous expedition of the French against the colony in 1746. Jonquiere, the third in command, was as little successful as his predecessors, and with difficulty regained France with a shattered remnant of the forty ships of war which but a few months before had sailed from Rochelle, under the Duke d'Anville, for the recovery of Nova Scotia. In calm weather, the masts of a line-of-battle-ship and a transport, scuttled by order of d'Estournelle, are yet visible above the waters of Bedford Basin. Though much good taste was shewn in the selection of the site, the building itself could never have possessed the most humble pretensions to architectural beauty. It is a strange, incongruous mass; and, from the over proportion of glass, but ill-adapted to the rigours of an American winter. Being built of wood, and not having been inhabited since the Duke's departure from the province, in 1810, it is now fast mouldering into dust; and presents as forlorn and dilapidated an appearance as can well be conceived. Not a vestige of the double-tiered verandah remains; the balcony and parapet railing are in a most doubtful state; while every beam, shingle, and joist, wear so threatening an aspect, that the old soldier in charge of the tottering fabric entreated us, as we were poking our way through a half-demolished window, in order to explore the interior of the mansion, to rest satisfied with his account of the insecure state of the straining timbers, and not risk our lives on crumbling floors and under trembling roofs which merely wanted "an excuse for coming down and overwhelming us." The gardens, green-houses, and ornamental shrubberies, were originally tastefully laid out, but not a trace remains of walk or flower-knot; rankling weeds and heaps of rubbish conceal the lower part of the house; and self-sown forest-trees, flinging their creaking arms athwart the building, and chafing themselves against the parapet, complete the picture of desolation, neglect, and abandonment.

The Lodge was built as a temporary residence for the Duke of Kent, during his shooting excursions; and after his departure from the province, came into the possession of Sir John Wentworth, the then Lieutenant-governor, who from inability to maintain the necessary establishment, allowed it to fall into its present ruinous state. The

Duke of Kent was deservedly popular in Nova Scotia, and the provincialists to this day bear willing testimony to the activity and energy displayed by him in advancing the interests of their country; and many are the regrets expressed that his favourite residence was not kept in a state of repair by the public funds, or let out as a private residence to some one of the wealthy Nova Scotian merchants, many of whom would have vied for the honour of succeeding their kind benefactor and friend. Had the latter been the fate of Prince's Lodge, the good citizens of Halifax would have been disappointed of many a joyous pic-nic; and I, in common with many a one of my brother red-coats, would have been deprived of one of those few bright spots in Nova Scotia which broke through the sad monotony of a soldier's life, and diversified the dull routine of garrison duty. C.

## ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from page 165.)

**ORDER V. LEPIDOPTERA.**—Several eggs of a new variety of silk-moth from China, whose caterpillar spins white silk, were distributed among the members of the Entomological Society, at their meeting, in June, 1836. Mr. W. Sells, who received some of these eggs, and carefully watched and noted the progress of the insect through its various transformations, seems to regard it as only a variety of the common silk-moth (*Bombyx mori*), and not as a new species. The eggs hatched on the 7th of June, and the caterpillars, being regularly fed on mulberry leaves, thrived very well, and arrived at maturity and began spinning towards the end of July. They slightly differ from the common silkworm, by a blackish spot on each side of the head; and the moths, which began to appear on the 27th of August, are perhaps rather larger, and the dark lines on their wings of a little deeper colour. From the hatching of the egg to the death of the moth, this variety's existence averaged one hundred days. The silk was not so abundant as on the cocoon of the common sort; of not quite so strong a texture; less easily wound off; but as the silk is beautifully soft and perfectly white, further careful observation may shew that it is better adapted to some purposes in manufacture than the pale yellow and orange sorts of silk.\*

The caterpillars of the Atlas moth (*Attacus Atlas* Germar), a native of Surinam and

\* See the highly entertaining and useful *Transactions of the London Entomological Society*, vol. ii. (1837) p. 40.

other parts of America, and also of China and other parts of Asia, feed on the leaves of the *Citrus*, and spin silken cocoons of great size, which sometimes unwind in threads of many ells in length, more firm and tenacious than common silk, but the cases are very difficult to unravel, and are commonly carded. Madame Merian observes, however, that they would be valuable to mankind if they could be kept in confinement.\* In the East Indies, silk is obtained also from the cocoons of two other species—namely, *Attacus Mylitta*, and *A. Cynthia*.† In India three other native species are also used—for instance, the Tusseh silk-worm, which feeds in the jungle on the jujube tree; the Arrindy, which feeds on the *Palma Christi*; and the Moongha, whose produce is used there to an extent of which we have but little idea.

In South America there are several caterpillars, besides those of the common silk-moth and Atlas-moth, which produce excellent silk. Spit says, that in Brazil a species of silk-worm is abundant on a laurel-like shrub, particularly in Maranhão and Para. He says, that although its thread promises a much more brilliant silk than that of Europe, it has never yet been employed, although it might be with very great facility.‡ At Maragnan and Rio Janeiro the caterpillars of several species of *Bombyx* spin their cocoons of a thicker and stronger silk than that of the common silk-worm; and Padre Mestre, who gave the former a trial, found that it forms a very solid material. It has been proposed to cultivate for the feeding of them, a species of mulberry, with small and inedible fruit, growing near Rio Janeiro.

Latreille and others have recommended a trial of manufacturing articles from the silk of the caterpillar of the crimson-under-wing moth, (*Catocala sponæ*;) and Wilhelm says that the experiment has been successfully tried in Germany, with the silk of the emperor-moth (*Saturnia pavonia minor*), by M. Wentzel Hegeerde Bercholdsdorf, under an imperial patent.§ Both these species may be found in our country: the former in Kent, Surry, Berkshire, and Hampshire, feeding on the oak; the latter in Kent, Surry, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Shropshire, feeding on blackthorn, alder, oak, bramble, rose, elder, &c. Britain produces more than two thousand species of moths and butterflies, yet none of their caterpillars do we turn to any useful account. This is only one instance out of

many that might be mentioned of our slowness, prejudice, or indifference about availing ourselves of the benefits we might derive from the multitude of neglected productions, animal and vegetal, which our naturally rich, but nationally poor, country puts forth.

In Peru, great numbers of certain caterpillars, called sustillo, as large as the silkworm, and bred in the paca-tree, are said to co-operate in spinning about it a close silken web, resembling in texture the silk paper which is made in China. The layers, or sheets, of silk spun by them do not appear to have been usefully applied, although specimens of it a yard and a half in length have been detached from the trees.

(To be continued.)

## MERTON ABBEY, IN THE DAYS OF HENRY THE THIRD.

(Continued from p. 166.)

STILL hour by hour in hopelessness lagg'd on,  
Day follow'd night, and night to day succeeded;—  
None came him nigh, though worn he was, and  
wan;

Oh thought most horrible, why thus unheeded?  
He knew not time, save by the chapel bell  
The canons to their stated duties calling,  
Or by the light that stream'd within his cell,  
Or by the shadow from the grating falling,  
Where he had rudely notch'd upon the floor  
A dial, sadly ponder'd o'er and o'er.

Of had he bent his dim and filmy gaze  
Upon a breviary with damp all moulded,—  
Dropp'd by some sentenced monk in other days;  
What precious hopes its mildew'd leaves unfolded!  
No cloister'd clerk was he, with wasted hand,  
The musty manuscript with languor turning.  
But one that well could grasp the cross-hilt brand,  
And knew to rein the warhorse proudly spurning.  
A captive now, all manacled and lone,  
Outstretch'd by famine on a floor of stone.

That night the prelate proud, of Winchester,  
Turn'd oft on restless couch, as conscience-cum-  
ber'd;—

"What ho! a courier!—see he mount and spur  
For Merton straight, ere midnight twelve hath  
number'd.

Let him not die,—not die;—methinks enough  
That old and gnarled trunk were hack'd and riven;  
The sapling oak may bend, not so the tough,  
Stern pollard, though the iron wedge be driven  
E'en to the heart—yet more, if from the rock  
Uprooted, 'twill whelm others in the shock."

Slow and unwillingly the portal yawn'd,  
To the dark dungeon cell the entrance shewing,  
When the fourth morning of his thraldom dawn'd,  
Unwonted radiance through the dimness throwing.  
At the first step the grim old Earl uprais'd  
His head, yet were his features gaunt and sunken,  
Glaring with ghastly look that haughty gazed  
Upon the train that back in awe had shrunk;  
"And ye are come," he said, "with curious eye,  
Profane, to mark how old De Burgh can die!"

"You wrong us, good my Lord,"—the sheriff  
kneel'd,  
Tendering the bread and ale, with deep emotion,  
Of Merton famed; "please you, my Lord, to yield,  
No lack, be sure, were here of old devotion."

\* The Atlas moth is a fine large species, measuring nine inches across the wings, which are adorned with a transparent patch in the centre.

† See *Linnean Transactions*, vol. vii.; and also a paper read before the Royal Society, about seven or eight years ago, by Colonel Sykes.

‡ Spix's *Brazil*.

§ Wilhelm's *Recreations of Natural History*.

"Yield! and succumb to haughty Winchester!  
And thank him for the life that God is giving!  
And kiss that prelate's robe of miniver!  
And hold his stirrup, like his bondsman living!  
Never!—though captive, Kent his say hath said."  
The sheriff turn'd away, and shook his head.

The old man's vaunted strength came not again;  
And as it were on cruelty refining,  
A cup of ale and manchet of marchpane  
Were stately served, on massive silver shining,  
By a lay brother,—greeting spake he none,  
But silent brought each day a lessening measure,  
Till cup and salver empty were each one.—  
Oh! bitter mockery, oh! weary leisure,  
As hour by hour the shadow crept that fell  
From morn to eve within that lonely cell.

Then strange the conflict in that rugged breast,  
Pride and despair alternate there prevailing;  
—Sometimes he deem'd the iron heavier press'd,  
Sometimes he mark'd the clank with jeer and  
railing:

And the old breviary, companion  
Of his captivity, with solace holy,  
He stretch'd his hand to feel—in vain—'twas gone!  
And he was left unshriven in melancholy.  
Oh! cruel fate that thus had sought to bind  
The fetter'd body and corroding mind!

Then was it, that more precious when withdrawn,  
The captive on its ancient text would ponder,—  
As thou hast mark'd, maybe, at earliest dawn,  
O'er a scarp'd cliff the first pale sunbeam wander;  
So on the rocky ruins of his pride,  
Shatter'd by deep earthquake or thunder riven,  
Beam'd a religious ray—he stir'd, and sigh'd,  
And strove to kneel with hands upraised to heaven;  
"Et de profundis, plorans nunc ad te,  
Salvem me fac, per Christum, Domine!"

"And of his liege, dying, De Burgh would crave  
Pardon, if aught there lack'd of service owing—  
Perchance, when he lies mouldering in the grave,  
Compunction late may touch his heart on knowing  
That the old Earl, that oft hath led  
His squadrons fetlock-deep blood-red with slaugh-  
ter,

Died in these flinty walls for lack of bread,  
Where Christian priests denied a cup of water!  
Now have they done their worst, and aged Kent  
Yields him to die in measureless content."

\* \* \* \* \*  
Yet Merton might not ring his passing bell,  
And Merton's monks the vesper hymn were singing,  
When old Earl Hubert bade "God speed them  
well,"

For knightly guise his squalid garb off flinging;  
A prisoner yet, but fetterless in limb,  
His steed he sat with bearing stern and stately,  
Yet of a cheer withal so gaunt and grim,  
In silent awe they gazed that jeer'd him lately;—  
Yet where that night they took their moonlit way  
Have centuries pass'd o'er, and where are they?

Maybe some careless delver has upturn'd  
Strange relics, viewed awhile in vacant wonder,—  
Maybe his foot irreverent there has spurn'd  
The wreck of his ruthless spade has cleft asunder;—  
A shred of some Augustine's woollen weed,  
A bone, maybe a skull, with eyeless socket,  
A broken crucifix, an unstrung bead,  
A mossgrown mask, or richly foliaged crocket;—  
Or one, of hopes o'erthrown, erewhile hath stood  
Amid the ruins of that brotherhood.

And sacred yet he deem'd that Abbey land,  
Though long laid waste; 'tis writ in history's  
pages  
How there of old were met a stalwart band,  
Whose words are graven, indelible through ages;

There sate in Henry's days that parliament,\*  
Whose acts, like Runnemede's, are roll'd in  
charter;

There sheath'd in iron, stern each baron went,  
Dark-brow'd, and prompt, if need, to die a martyr.  
Outspake each lay-lord then, discreet and wary,  
"Anglice leges nolumus mutari."

REINELM.

\* This year (1237) was a parlement holden at  
Merton. Att this diuerse good and profitable lawes  
were made and established, which yette remaine,  
bearing the name of the place where they were  
ordained.—*Holinshed's Chronicles*.

## The Feuilleton of French Literature.

### "THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

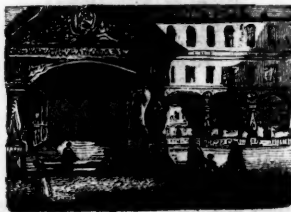
#### LETTER VIII.

#### THE BANKS OF THE VESDRE.—VERVIERS.

*Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 4.*

YESTERDAY morning, as the diligence was  
about to leave Liege for Aix-la-Chapelle, a  
worthy citizen annoyed the passengers by  
refusing to take the seat upon the *imperial*,  
which the conductor pointed out as his.  
For the sake of peace I offered him mine,  
which he, without evincing any reluctance  
or even thanking me, accepted, and the  
heavy vehicle forthwith went tardily along.  
I was pleased with the change. The road,  
though no longer by the banks of the  
Meuse, is exceedingly beautiful.

My mind for a short time reverted to the  
palace of the ecclesiastic princes of Liege.



How different now its use from that for  
which it was originally intended! Who  
could have believed that that once-respected  
palace would become the resort of knaves,  
and the market-place for peasants to sell  
their wares.

The Vesdre, along whose banks the  
road winds, is a river which flows with  
great rapidity, from Saint Cornelis Munster  
to Liege, by the most lovely valley that per-  
haps man ever witnessed. The road is at  
one time through a village surrounded with  
trees; at another, through a solitary part of  
the valley, skirting an old castle with square

towers, high-pointed roofs, large façade, and elegantly ornamented windows. A strange, yet joyful, noise struck upon our ear. I turned round, and saw, within a tuft of linden trees, a low house, with an immense wheel by its side. On drawing near, I found that it was a water-mill.

Between Chauffontaine and Verviers the valley is full of charms, and the weather, being propitious, added much to enliven the scene. Marmosets were playing upon the garden steps, the breeze shook the leaves of the tall poplars, and sounded like the music of peace, the harmony of nature; handsome heifers, in groups of three and four, were reposing on the greensward, shaded, by leafy blinds, from the rays of the sun; then, far from all houses, and alone, a fine cow, worthy of the regards of Argus, was peacefully grazing. The soft notes of a flute floating on the breeze were distinctly heard.

"*Mercurius septem mulcet arundinibus.*"

The railway, that *colossale entreprise*, which runs from Anvers to Liège, and is being extended to Verviers, is cut through the solid rock, and runs along the valley. Here we meet a bridge—there a viaduct; and at times we see in the distance, at the foot of an immense rock, a group of dark objects, resembling a hillock of ants, busily blasting the solid granite.



These ants, small though they be, perform the work of the giant.

When the fissure is wide and deep, a strange sound proceeds from the interior; in fact, one might imagine that the rock is making known its grievances by the mouth which man has made. It is the miners, who are at work. The diligence suddenly stopped, the workmen, who were upon a rising ground, fled in all directions; a noise louder than thunder was heard, and was echoed by the adjacent rocks and mountains. For a few hours afterwards the passengers did nothing but speak of accidents that are always taking place—that no further back than yesterday, a man

was killed and a tree cut in two by a block of stone which weighed twenty thousand pounds; that the day before yesterday the wife of one of the workmen, while carrying coffee (not soup) to her husband, was killed in the same manner. This has a tendency to spoil the *idylle*.

Verviers is an insignificant little town, divided into three *quartiers*, called Chick-chack, Basse-Crotte, and Dardanelle. In passing, I observed a little urchin, about six years of age, who, seated upon a door-step, was smoking his pipe, with all the magisterial air of a Grand Turk. The *marmot fumeur* looked into my face, and burst into a fit of laughter. I concluded that my appearance seemed to him rather ridiculous.

After Verviers, the road skirts the Vesdre, as far as Simbourg—Simbourg, that town of counts, that *paté* which Louis XIV. found had a crust rather hard for mastication, is at present a dismantled fortress.

#### LETTER IX.

#### AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

*Aix-la-Chapelle, August 6.*

FOR AN invalid, Aix-la-Chapelle is a mineral fountain—warm, cold, irony, sulphureous; for the tourist, it is a place for redoubts and concerts; for the pilgrim, the place of relics, which are only exhibited once every seven years: the gown of the Virgin Mary, the blood of Jesus, the cloth which enveloped the head of John the Baptist, after his decapitation; for the antiquarian chronicler, it is a noble abbey of *filles à abbessé*, connected with the male convent, built by Saint Gregory, son of Nicephore, emperor of the East; for the hunter, it is the ancient valley of the wild boars, (*Porcetem*); for the merchant, it is the *fabrique* of cloth, needles, and pins; and for him who is neither merchant, manufacturer, hunter, antiquary, pilgrim, tourist, nor invalid, it is the city of Charlemagne.

In fact, Charlemagne was born at Aix-la-Chapelle, and died there. He was born in the old palace, of which there now only remains the tower, and was buried in the church that he founded in 796, two years after the death of his wife, Frastada. Léon the Third consecrated it in 804, and tradition says, that two bishops of Tongres, who were buried at Maestricht, left their graves, in order to complete, at that ceremony, the three hundred and sixty-five bishops and archbishops representing the days of the year.

This historical and legendary church, from which the town has taken its name, has undergone, during the last thousand years, many transformations.

No sooner had I entered Aix, than I went to the chapel.

The *portail*, built of grey-blue granite, is of the time of Louis the Fifteenth, with doors of the eighth century. To the right of the *portail*, a large bronze ball, like a pineapple, is placed upon a granite pillar; and on the opposite side, on another pillar, is a wolf, of the same metal, which is half turned towards the bystanders, its mouth open and its teeth displayed.

Permit me, my friend, to inform you of the meaning which is attached to the wolf and the apple. This is the legend daily recited by the old women of the place to the inquiring traveller:—

"A long time, a very long time ago, the good people of Aix-la-Chapelle wished to build a church: money was put aside for the purpose; the foundation was laid, the walls built, and the timber-work commenced. For six months there was nothing heard but a deafening noise of saws, hammers, and axes, but at the expiration of that period the money ran short. A call was made upon the pilgrims for assistance; a tin plate was placed at the door of the church, but scarcely a liard was collected. What was to be done? The senate assembled, proposed, argued, advised, consulted. The workmen refused to continue their labour. The grass, the brambles, the ivy, and all the other insolent weeds which surround ruins, clung to the new stones of the abandoned edifice. Was there no other alternative than discontinuing the church? The glorious senate of burgomasters were in a state of consternation.

"One day, in the midst of their discussions, a man, a stranger to them, of tall stature and respectable appearance, entered.

"'Good day, gentlemen. What is the subject of discussion? You seem bewildered. Ah, I suppose your church weighs heavy at your heart. You do not know how to finish it. People say that money is the chief requisite for its completion.'

"'Stranger,' said one of the senate, '*Allez vous en au diable?* It would take a million of money.'

"'There is a million,' said the unknown, opening the window, and pointing to a chariot drawn by oxen, and guarded by twenty negroes armed to the teeth.

"One of the burgomasters went with the stranger to the carriage, took the first sack that came to his hand, then both returned. It was laid before the senate, and found to be full of gold.

"The *bourgmestres* looked with eyes expressive both of foolishness and surprise, and demanded of the *inconnu*—

"'Who are you, sir?'

"'My dear fellows, I am the man who has money. What more do you require?

I inhabit the Black Forest, near the lake of Wildsee, and not far from the ruins of Heidenstadt, the city of pagans. I possess mines of gold and silver, and at night I handle millions of precious stones. But I have got strange fancies—in fact, I am unhappy, a melancholy being, passing my days in gazing into the transparent lake, watching the *tourniquet* and the water Tritons, and observing the growth of the *polygonum amphibium* among the rocks. But a truce to questions and idle stories. I have opened my heart,—profit by it! There is your million of money. Will you accept it?'

"'Pardieu oui,' said the senate. 'We shall finish our church.'

"'Well, it is yours,' the stranger said; 'but remember there is a condition.'

"'What is it?'

"'Finish your church, gentlemen—take all this precious metal—but promise me, in exchange, the first soul that enters into the church on the day of its consecration.'

"'You are the devil!' cried the senate.

"'You are imbeciles,' replied Urian.

"The burgomasters began to cross themselves—to turn pale, and tremble; but Urian, who was a queer devil, shook the bag containing the gold, laughed almost to split his sides, and soon gaining the confidence of the worthy gentlemen, a negotiation took place. The devil is a clever fellow, that is the reason that he is a devil.

"'After all,' he said, 'I am the one who shall lose by the bargain. You shall have your million and your church; as for me, I shall only have a soul.'

"'Whose soul, sir?' demanded the frightened senate.

"'The first one that comes—that, perhaps, of some canting hypocrite, who, to appear devout, and to shew his zeal in the cause, will enter first. But, *bourgmestres*, my friends, your church bids fair. The plan pleases me; and the edifice, in my opinion, will be superb. I see, with pleasure, that your architect prefers the *trompe-sous-le-coin* to that of Montpellier. I do not dislike the arched vault, but still I would have preferred a ridged one. I acknowledge that he has made the door-way very tastefully; but I am not sure if he has been careful about the thickness of the *parpain*. What is the name of your architect? Tell him from me, that to make a door well there must be four panels. Nevertheless, the church is of a very good style, and well adjusted. It would be a pity to leave off what has been so well begun. You must finish your church. Come, my friends, the million for you—the soul for me. Is it not so?'

"Thus spoke the gentleman, Urian.

"'After all,' thought the citizens, 'we ought to be satisfied that he contents himself with one soul. He might, if he ob-



served attentively, find that there is scarcely one in the whole place that does not belong to him.'

"The bargain was concluded—the million was locked up—Urian disappeared in a blue flame—and two years afterwards the church was finished.

"You must know that all the senators took an oath to keep the transaction a profound secret; and it must also be understood, that each of them on the very same evening related the affair to his wife. Perhaps this is a law, not one of the senators' making, but one which they strictly observed. When the church was finished, the whole town—thanks to the wives of the senators—knew the secret of the senate; and no one would enter the church. This was an embarrassment greater even than the first: the church was erected, but no one would enter; it was finished, but it was empty. What good was a church of this description?

"The senate assembled; but they could do nothing. They called upon the Bishop of Tongres, who was equally puzzled. The canons of the church were consulted; but they were also put to their wits' end. At last the monks were brought in.

"*'Pardieu,'* said one of them, 'you seem to stand at trifles; you owe Urian the first soul that passes the door of the church; but he did not stipulate as to the kind of soul. I assure you, this Urian is at best an ass. Gentlemen, after a severe struggle, a wolf was taken alive in the valley of Borcette. Make it enter the church. Urian must be contented; he shall have a soul, although only that of a wolf.'

"'Bravo! bravo!' shouted the senate.

"At the dawn of the following day the bells rang.

"'What!' cried the inhabitants—'to-day is the consecration of the church, but who will dare to enter first?'

"'I won't!' shouted one; 'Nor I!'—'Nor I!' escaped from the lips of the others.

"At last the senate and the *chapitre* arrived, followed by men carrying the wolf in a cage. A signal was given to open the door of the church and that of the cage simultaneously; the wolf, half mad from fright, rushed into the empty church, where Urian was waiting, his mouth open, and his eyes shut. Judge of his rage when he discovered that he had swallowed a wolf. He shouted tremendously, flew for some time under the high arches of the church, making a noise like a tempest, and, on going out, gave the door a furious kick, that rent it from top to bottom."

It is upon that account, say the old dames, that a statue of the wolf has been placed on the left side of the church, and an apple, which represents its poor soul, on the right.

I must add, before finishing the legend, that I looked for the rent made by the heel of the devil, but could not find it.

(To be continued.)

### Miscellaneous.

#### DAY AND NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE EUPHRATES.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

THE morning that the steamer bearing the name of the river whose waters she first navigated—the Euphrates—left Annah, she turned her head up to the current a few miles below that central and picturesque little town, and lay to for a short time by the edge of the bank, which was here a level greensward, backed at a short distance by a low, rocky terrace. Leaping ashore with others, and speaking for a moment to the Commander, Colonel Chesney, I proceeded to examine the rocks, and found them full of fossil organic remains—curious relics of a world older than that of Assyria or Babylonia. With these I was assiduously filling my pockets, when, on turning round, I found the steamer gone. She was fast sweeping down the broad stream of waters,—already out of hearing, and speedily out of sight.

The most infinitesimal portion of time was sufficient to render me aware of all the perils of my situation. My habitual custom on board the steamer, during her descent of the river, was to sit in front of one of the paddle-boxes, taking notes, so that I should not be missed till dinner-time, which would be at the end of the day's journey, an average distance of from fifty to sixty miles. I was on the opposite side of the river to that on which the town of Annah was situated, and could not go back, and obtain a boat. I had before me a district probably scarcely inhabited, and if so, by lawless and predatory Arabs. I had no arms; but, on examining my purse, found that I had luckily four gazis, small gold coins of four shillings each. Two of these I immediately secreted in my watch-fob, and left two in my purse for demand. Thus circumstanced, my mind never wavered as to what was to be done; but disencumbering myself of the weighty curiosities I had collected, I set off at a rate of about four miles an hour, to overtake a steamer descending a river fourteen miles in the same time, but which I knew would bring to at night. I had not walked above an hour when I came to a village, near which a group of fellows, or agricultural Arabs, were sitting beside a corn-rick. The road approached them in such a manner, that I joined the party unobserved. They were greatly surprised at seeing a stranger among them, and like all

Arabs in similar circumstances, were at first frightened and distrustful; but when made aware there was no danger, haughty, malicious, and overbearing.

My object was, if possible, to obtain a guide, who might at once shew me the short cut—for the river bends—and serve me as a protection against other Arabs; so, with what little of the language I was master of, I explained my situation and wants, offering a present if they were acceded to. The fellahs, however, said it was impossible to go by day, as there was Bedwins on the road; but that if I would stop till night, a guide would go with me. This, with the distance before me, being out of the question, I repaired to the house of the sheikh, whom I found surrounded by his family, and who received me in the usual distrustful manner. After some altercation, it was arranged that I should give my handkerchief to the favourite daughter, and deposit a gazi with the sheikh for the guide. Although doubting the sincerity of the performance, I had no chance but acquiescence; and so we started,—the Arab first taking off his shoes,—at a good pace.

We kept up, with little conversation, for upwards of two hours, when we met another fellah; and my guide, putting on his shoes, entered into an earnest colloquy with him, which, from various signs and nods, it was easy to see had reference to me and the possible other gazis I might have in my possession. When I urged the guide to hasten forward, he only laughed, and asked for more money; so I was ultimately obliged to relinquish his company, and proceed by myself. From this point, till I reached the valley of Haditha, I saw no more villages. The country was low and undulating, with a soil of gravel and a vegetation of wormwood, mixed with a few grasses; stretching out in a black and apparently boundless expanse; fatiguing by its monotony; unmarked by forms of living things; and without the promise of a resting place. This weariness was, however, sometimes unexpectedly relieved by plains of alluvial soil, deposited by the river, in hollows in the wilderness, and covered with gay and gaudy flowering plants.

In the evening, I arrived at the foot of a low range of hills, extending several miles to the west; and, as the river diverged in the same direction, it was natural to suppose that when it had broken through the rocky barrier, it would resume its easterly course, and that my plan was to cross over the hills. I hesitated, however, in doing this, from the fear of not being able to regain the banks of the water, so essential to my safety in a hot and arid country. While tracking a rocky valley, a troop of jackals bounded before me; and in little more than an hour I had gained the crest of the

hills, whence a noble prospect opened itself to my view, consisting of a long expanse of green and level valley, occasionally wooded, and watered by the Euphrates, which, as I anticipated, had twined round the hills, and now lay at my feet, scarcely three miles distant.

It was in vain, however, that my aching eyes followed the long line of white light, which the river presented in the hour of eve: no steamer was to be seen, nor a single village, but here and there, aqueducts advanced into the stream, shewing that what was now a wilderness, had been in former times the seat of civilization.

For a moment, my heart almost misgave me. Night was coming on, and had it been an undulating or hilly country, hope would have borne me on over each successive eminence, but here the expanse I had to traverse, without a chance of relief, (and I had had no food all day,) lay before me like the ocean to a shipwrecked mariner. I had, however, the consolation of knowing I could get water, and this had already become more than desirable.

By the time I had descended into the plain, the ardent sun had dipped beneath the horizon. The evening was growing cool and pleasant; and if hitherto my walk had been comparatively solitary, it now became quite the reverse, for the whole plain seemed as if suddenly peopled with living things. Stealthy foxes, of the Tatarian race, came down from the interior, to drink at the river side, quickly putting their tail between their legs and skulking away, when they perceived me in their path. Occasionally, wolves would turn sulkily round, snarling defiance, as if questioning my right to proceed; while numerous jackals bounded along the plain—sometimes in pursuit of each other, anon darting into the woods, then issuing forth again in troops of five or six, dashing up close to me, yelling and gnashing their teeth, or bristling up their backs, like so many angry cats.

Strong as my desire was to drink, it was impossible, under these circumstances, to venture through the thicket to the water's edge; but an opportunity offered, in some shrubs that advanced more inland than the others, of cutting a stick—no very formidable weapon,—but slight as it was, communicating, in the absence of all other defence, a comfortable idea.

Thus armed, I ventured to dispute with the thirsty four-footed claimants a draught of water, and having gallantly obtained it, I proceeded onwards till darkness overtook me. Under this emergency, as the moon rose at midnight, when I could continue my journey, I resolved to go out to the extremity of the next aqueduct I met, and sleep there in comparative security from wild animals.



What was my surprise, however, on approaching one of these ruins of former days, to find a fire lighted beneath an arch, and an old Bedwin Arab and a boy seated by its side. At my approach the old man started up, and lifting the club ordinarily carried by all his tribe in their girdle, prepared to strike: I laughed at him, and throwing down my stick, in sign of peace, sat down by the fire; the boy brought me water in a jug, and then burnt wet straw to keep off the mosquitoes, that hung like a cloud over the flame; while the old man offered me bread. To the questions I then asked, I obtained an answer, that the steamer had passed down the river that day; and the old man promised to be my guide, as soon as the moon should rise.

I had laid down to take some repose until that time, when another Arab joined the party; he had been out plundering, but it was upon a very small scale, for he exhibited his earnings, which were things not worth picking up on the road. This did not improve the notion I had formed of my guide, though it affected me too little to prevent my sleeping soundly. I was awakened by some one pinching my great toe, and found, on opening my eyes, a grotesque visage hanging over mine, lighted up by a radiant moonbeam. The other man and the boy were gone, as was also my stick, which was a comprehensible circumstance; but the old man was there. I rose and proceeded silently on my journey, scarcely knowing what I had to anticipate. The night before I had secured the old man's service by the present of a gazi, on which occasion I had exhibited my empty purse; but Bedwin Arabs are not to be taken in by such subterfuges.

As we proceeded, therefore, I expected every moment to be joined by more guides than I required, or desired: my only hope was that the old man's cupidity would lead him to consider me as his particular prize, and that he would make the attempt by himself, so as to save participation of profits with any one; and this hope was happily verified.

Our road lay along the banks of the Euphrates, which was now seen to the greatest advantage in the moonlight, broad shadows being thrown on his lucid bosom by the dependent landscape.

In a short time, we began the ascent of some hills, the crest of which we had no sooner gained than my guide laid himself down on the ground, and scanned the naked upland that now extended before us. I sat down in the meantime. When he had finished his survey, he slowly muttered the words, "No Arabs," as if he himself had not been one. He then came and placed himself by my side, in closer propinquity than was desirable, while he put forth his

hand to examine the steel buckles of my braces, (for I wore no waistcoat,) which shone like silver in the moonlight. In doing this, his hand trembled, and betrayed his intentions. I rose quickly, and seized a stone, he at the same moment lifting his club, and holding out his hand, rubbing the thumb and forefinger together—a significant manner of asking for money, common to many parts of the world. The indignation with which I regarded my antagonist was now at its height. It is true he was tall and bony, but he was aged, and not even active; his forehead "villanous low," his nose long, his eyes red and purulent. It was, however, for our mutual advantage that peace should be established; so, walking on and keeping all the time beyond the reach of the club,—retaining, moreover, possession of the stone for fear of renewed hostilities, we argued the matter over in a pleasing and edifying manner. First, he asked for money;—I told him I had none: then for my fez;—I said I could not expose my head to the sun: then for an Arab kerchief I had tied round my waist;—knowing the value he would set upon this, I determined to propitiate him, if possible, and gave it up. He then put his club in his waistband, and a temporary confidence was re-established.

We now turned down a ravine, and then crossed some low hills, when my guide again resumed the recumbent position—the usual reconnoitring posture of the Arabs. I advanced, and to my delight, for it was just break of day, found the river flowing below, with inhabited islands on its bosom, and between me and it a cultivated and peopled country.

My guide went no further than this spot; it was in vain to urge him: he was as much in dread of fellahs as he might have been of Turkish authorities; so I descended the hills by myself. But my mishaps had not quite terminated; for some fellahs labouring in an adjacent field observing me, hurried away at full speed to intercept me. They were armed with small hatchets, which they waved over my head. I told them that I had been robbed of everything on the hills, and they did not discredit the story, but contented themselves with the kerchief round my neck, without examining my person. It was the third and last I had to give.

Proceeding a short distance beyond this I came to some cottages. Here there were some Arab women, who received me most kindly, and gave me milk. From them I first learned, to my infinite joy, that the steamer was not far distant, behind one of the islands. This turned out to be the case; and I had not travelled many miles down the river, before I distinguished the funnel among the column-like date-trees.

On the side on which I was, however, there were no houses, and it was more than an hour before I could attract the attention of the Arabs on the island. This I had no sooner done than my arrival was made known on board the steamer, whence messengers had been despatched in search of me the previous night; a boat was sent, and in a few moments more I was safe on board. I was heartily received by my companions, after a day and a night's walk of upwards of fifty English miles, which afforded much that is illustrative of the true character of the Arab, who, with all his boasted hospitality and high-mindedness, will never lose an opportunity of robbing, when he can do it with impunity.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

#### THE KING OF PRUSSIA, MRS. FRY, AND THE CONVICTS IN NEWGATE.

BY P. L.

AMONGST the characters of eminence with whom his majesty came in contact there was one individual who, unheralded by official or accredited form, had visited Prussia for a purpose altogether without precedent amongst her sex, even in missionary annals, and to whose manner of pursuing it whilst in his dominions, his majesty, as well as all his people, had paid the tribute of their admiration. Unlike English and French lady-travellers, she sought not palaces, picture galleries, museums, or theatres, but went direct to the accomplishment of her pure—and what without impropriety may be termed her sublime mission—literally discharging the injunctions of the Author of our religion—visiting the prisoners and afflicted in every quarter where she penetrated; and undeterred by any of the causes which had hitherto frightened the least susceptible and the moderately delicate of her sex from the remotest contact with the objects of this lady's solicitude. The King of Prussia, held to be the most Protestant monarch of Europe, shewed himself on the occasion of our countrywoman's visit to his dominions, worthy of being the chief of this purest form of Christianity; for above the petty ceremonies which make the hearts of most sovereigns unapproachable to the best feelings of our nature, his majesty never omitted an opportunity of expressing his sense of the honour conferred upon Prussia by the visit of Mrs. Fry and her excellent brother.\* The king looked in vain for this

lady amidst the circles of jewelled and coroneted dames who filled the palace, the theatres, and public places of amusement and gaiety into which his majesty was led; but he had not forgotten her visit to the prisons of Prussia, nor had the respect and admiration her persuasive counsels for their amelioration excited in his royal breast, subsided.

His majesty inquired for, and soon had an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with her. By the public papers, it appears that when his majesty saw Mrs. Fry in the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor of London, he exclaimed, "Oh, my good friend, I am delighted to see you!" and then took her hand in the most cordial manner.

The king, wishing to inspect the field of her labours, appointed a day, and was at the gaol of Newgate early on the morning of Sunday, 30th January, to meet the Ladies' Prison Discipline Society, (which numbers amongst its members Mrs. Pirie, the exemplary lady of the Lord Mayor, and wives of the wealthy, enthusiastically attached to Mrs. Fry,) who assembled to inspect the progress of the female prisoners in work and mental improvement, prior to embarking upon their long voyage from their native land, some for short exile, all for weal or woe. His majesty, accompanied by two noblemen of his suite, entered Newgate, and proceeded directly to the room wherein the female prisoners, neatly and uniformly dressed, were assembled round Mrs. Fry and her little band of Christian heroines. His majesty conversed with much feeling and spirit, and sat down by this lady's side on the common chairs of the prison, differing scarcely from the benches upon which the convicts who surrounded him were wont to be seated. Mrs. Fry read the twelfth chapter of Romans, amidst the profoundest silence: a better selection could not have been made; for in it are compressed in the logical and classic diction of St. Paul, the great cardinal points of Christian doctrine, in the most forcible manner of which language is capable. Those who have not heard the musical yet solemn, varied yet continuously-impressive tones—permitting not attention for an instant to flag—which characterize her reading of the Scriptures, or her extempore prayers, can only form an imperfect idea of the effect these weekly readings and discourses have upon the prisoners. They sit as spell-bound; breathlessly attentive; and frequently, as she affectionately proceeds with alternate advice, gentle reproof, and comfort for the broken repentant spirit, tears may be seen coursing each other down the pallid cheek of some who hitherto have been untameable by coercion and severest restrictions. After the reading, a prayer followed, and the absolute monarch

\* Mrs. Fry is sister of Mr. J. J. Gurney, an author of whom any literature might be justly proud, and of whom a reviewer in the Quarterly observed, "If he had been a clergyman, instead of a Quaker, he would have deserved a bishopric for his book upon the Evidences of Christianity."

of the best-ordered, most prosperous, and of one of the largest nations in Europe, knelt down in that grated-windowed room—a sleeping-room for felons—by the side of a simple female, and repeated mentally the words that fell from the lips of this ecclesiastically unconsecrated minister of the gospel; at the same time around him in this small apartment were fifty female convicts, whose hope of immortality were as dear to them as to the monarch, and who joined in one prayer to their God for his welfare, as well as of that of the people committed to his charge. The excellent and indefatigable chaplain of the gaol, the Rev. Mr. Carver, the sheriffs, with the governor and deputy-governor of the gaol, were the only official persons present—the king being desirous of seeing quietly, for his own satisfaction, the actual results of the labours of one good woman and her coadjutors, in such an extraordinary and hitherto unfeminine sphere. His majesty's remarks were well worthy of being noted: all regret that no record was taken of his observations and opinions upon our prison discipline. It is to be hoped his majesty is fully impressed with one thing—that, for whatever credit England has gained amongst civilized nations for its superiority in every essential feature in the economy of her penitentiaries and gaols, it is to the unswerving efforts of one woman in the walks of private life, and of those of her own immediate relations, the Gurneys, Hoares, Buxtons, and Barclays—names imperishable in the annals of Christian charity and beneficence for the alleviation of the ills of our race in distant colony and native clime—that it is entirely due.

But the monarch, justly appreciating her virtues and the services she has rendered humanity, was resolved further to mark his sense of them by proceeding from the prison to her private dwelling, though several miles distant from London, expressly making his visit to the quiet home of this humble-minded female the sole exception to his round of visits; which, save this, were paid but to royal personages, great officers of state, and high public functionaries. The route his majesty had to pass from Newgate to Mrs. Fry's villa at West Ham, through Aldgate, Whitechapel, Mile End, &c., is from one end to the other, the most forbidding outlet of the metropolis: but there can be no doubt that to a mind constituted like the King of Prussia's, partaking of the unpretending hospitality of one whom he so well knew how to esteem and admire, must have afforded him a gratification which, without any invidious comparisons, was as heartfelt and sincere as any of those gorgeous banquets prepared for him, where no aid, which the most costly refinement and luxury could give, was wanting to render the feast

worthy of the nation's honoured guest. History narrates similar homage paid by monarchs, conquerors, and statesmen, to the abodes of individuals renowned for holiness and purity of life; emperors who have turned aside from their march of triumph, to visit the cells of hermits and recluses, to ask a blessing on their arms; but this royal type of the enlightened spirit of Christianity and truth, openly and nobly proclaims by his acts his own estimation of the value of the good wishes and prayers of those who "practise the law of life." It may not be erroneous to conclude that the King of Prussia, in common with the Queen of Great Britain, considers that the active virtues of Mrs. Fry are more sanctified in the sight of God and man than all the severest self-mortifications and torturings of body of any hundred saints in the Roman-catholic calendar.—*St. James's Magazine.*

#### THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

THE subject of the North-West Passage is likely to be renewed, through the exertions of Mr. Richard King, one of two officers despatched by the Government, in 1833, in search of Sir John Ross and his companions. At a lecture on Friday evening, the 11th inst., delivered by Mr. King, at the Royal Institution, the whole of the known boundaries of the Polar Seas were described, and a plan proposed for the completion of the unexplored portion. The lecturer, in 1836, offered to conduct an expedition over land to complete the delineation of the Polar coast, from Point Turnagain of Franklin to the Fury and Hecla Strait of Parry. The greater part of that coast has since been surveyed by Messrs. Dease and Simpson, but there still remains to be explored the space between the Fury and Hecla Strait and the Great Fish River Estuary, in order to complete the north configuration of America, and if the land of Boothia Felix is a part of the American continent, in addition, the western coast of that land to its northern limit. That the whole of this may be completed in the course of one summer, seems evident from the late surveys between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, and the Coppermine and the Great Fish River, which were accomplished in both instances in less than six weeks of boat-navigation, and without the loss of a single life. Mr. King is of opinion that a practicable North-West passage exists, and that in all probability it will be found between the western land of Boothia Felix and that mass of coast laid down from its respective bearings, as Banks's Land, Wollaston Land, and Victoria Land. Not only geographical science, but commerce, may therefore be benefited by the complete survey of America at its

northern limit. Mr. King has submitted to the Government the following plan, at an estimated expense of 1000*l.*:—that an expedition, consisting of one officer and six men, should proceed from Montreal, in Lower Canada, to the Athelosca Lake; then due north to the source of a river, called the Fish River, in about lat. 64 deg. N. and long. 104 deg. W.; and after wintering there, reach the Great Fish River by one of its tributaries. By following the course of that stream to sea, and then the eastern boundary of the Great Fish River Estuary to the north or east, as the case may be, either the Fury and Hecla Strait will be reached, or, as Mr. King thinks more probable, the north-western termination of the land of North Somerset. In the former case, a passage will have been discovered, but one that is not practicable for commercial purposes; but if the latter should prove to be as Sir John Ross has described, and a broad sea should be discovered washing the western coast of Boothia, the grand problem of a practicable North-West Passage is at once solved!—*Spectator*.

#### DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN VILLA.

A MOST interesting discovery of Roman antiquities, evincing the industry and throwing light upon the habits of those remarkable invaders of our island, has recently been made at Comberton, near Cambridge.

Some workmen employed, a week or two ago, in digging gravel upon the land of Mr. Whittett, of Comberton, came upon a quantity of massive brickwork, and immediately communicated the fact to their employer. He caused the earth to be cleared away from the brickwork, which now presents an admirable specimen of the masonry of the Romans. It forms the foundation of a building of considerable area; the portion already cleared is twenty-four feet long by ten feet wide, and is in the direction of north and south. On the western side are two small compartments of different area, and the whole is paved with well-burnt tiles, fifteen inches long by ten and a half inches wide, finely embedded in the grout, or calcareous conglomerate, so much used by the Romans; upon these and in the small compartments are rows of piers, at irregular distances, each formed of ten bricks, one inch and a half thick and eight inches square. The exterior and other walls are three feet thick and three and a half feet high, and cemented together, with a fair surface, by the same enduring concrete. They, as well as the foundation, are composed of masses of stone, principally Ketton stone, chalk marl, and immense flints; this shews the industry and perseverance of the builders, for these sorts of stone are not found in the neighbourhood of

Comberton. Within the area, the space was filled with fragments of tiles and the peculiar Roman bricks, of various and beautiful patterns of stucco and fresco painting, exactly similar in thickness and composition to those discovered in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum: the colours are quite bright, and although in distemper, appear to be uninjured by the lapse of time. The tiles are of various forms and excellent workmanship; many of them are in the shape of those used in the sudatorium bath, and their interiors bear evident marks of the action of fire. Among the other articles discovered, are fragments of window-glass, and one portion of a drinking-glass; fragments of coarse sepulchral vases, and pottery of various forms and manufacture, some of them very curious; hair-pins, formed with much ingenuity of the Belemnite fossil; a piece of leaden pipe, cemented into a large brick; an iron instrument, somewhat like the skid of a carriage, the use of which has not been ascertained; quantities of oyster-shells of a species now little known, &c.

The extent of area, the fragments of window-glass, (an expensive rarity, only used in superior buildings,) and the painted fresco work, lead one to imagine that these interesting remains are those of a Roman villa of some pretensions; and this idea is further strengthened by the discovery of the tiles used in the bath.

For some time past, coins have been discovered on various occasions in the neighbourhood of Comberton; but in excavating the site in question only two have yet been found—one of the time of Septimus Severus (A.D. 125), and the other of Gordius, in good preservation (A.D. 238). Intermixed with the debris were several human bones, one of these being a sternum of singular formation; and on one of the square bricks there is a remarkably distinct impression of a wolf's foot, the imprint of the talons of which give one a clear idea of the size of that happily-extinct race of animals, once so formidable in this part of the country.

In the village, about a mile and a half to the north of this excavated villa, is still to be seen, in admirable preservation, the site of ancient games, the *Maze*, or Julian circle, in which, as described by Virgil, the Roman youths were exercised at a game called *Troy-town*. To the honour of the villagers, who look upon this spot with great respect, it is carefully cleaned and repaired every third year. From the existence of this *Maze*, the frequent discovery of Roman coins, pottery, and utensils of various kinds in the vicinity, the ruins of this extensive villa, and its proximity to the great Roman road, the conclusion may be drawn that Comberton was once a considerable Roman station.—*Ipswich Express*.

## THORWALDSEN AND HIS WORKS.

NEVER has the north bestowed a nobler boon upon the south, than that which Denmark parted with in giving Thorwaldsen to Italy. His name, the greatest in his art since the death of Canova, is the only one by which his native country is at this moment known to the rest of Europe.

To learn something of this eminent statuary, therefore, is an object which few foreigners will neglect while here; nor will their curiosity be long ungratified; for his fame is a favourite theme with all the intelligent of Copenhagen, and in this city are to be found nearly all his best works.

The appearance of a sculptor from the ungenial north, was an event which might well excite wonder among those who had long believed that all genius of this description could be nursed only by the warm south. Many, however, to make the marvel greater, assign him a more northern birth-place than facts will justify—placing his cradle among the frozen peaks of Iceland, in place of the mild plains of Zealand. His father was originally from Iceland, but came in early life to Copenhagen, where he worked as a modeller and carver in the royal dock-yards. In this capital, accordingly, was Bertel (Albert) Thorwaldsen born, in the year 1770. Though sprung, as fame asserts, and, although aware too that he was sprung, by the mother's side, from one of the royal Harolds of old, the young Albert did not disdain his father's humble occupation, which he followed for a time with perseverance and success, the peaceful tenour of his days flowing undisturbed by any incident more romantic than a narrow escape from matrimony.

The first prize having been awarded him by the Copenhagen Academy of Arts, in which he was a pupil, Thorwaldsen, at a very early age, was enabled to proceed to Rome, on a course of four years' study. His progress there is said to have been at first very slow; he continued altogether unknown, until, at length, he produced the model of his now famous "Jason." This, too, seemed to be a failure: no one took notice of it, or, at least, none expressed a desire to have it executed in marble; a neglect with which the young sculptor was so deeply mortified, that he resolved to quit Rome for ever, and seek bread in his native land. But how slight are the seeming accidents by which our fate is decided! From some disappointment about his passport, his departure was delayed by a single day: that day was to determine his future career. Mr. Hope, the liberal patron of the arts, who had just arrived in Rome, saw the Jason, and was so much struck with its many beauties, that he instantly demanded the price at which the young sculptor was

willing to execute it. "Six hundred sequins," was the sum named. "You ask too little: I am willing to give eight hundred," was the generous answer; and, from that hour to this, except during occasional visits to Germany and Denmark, Thorwaldsen has remained in Rome, where we saw him the other day, in the enjoyment of an hourly-increasing fame, and in health as vigorous as if he had never quitted the fresh breezes of Scandinavia.

Few sculptors have been so fortunate in being employed on public statues. The statues of Poniatowski, Gutenberg, Schiller, &c., are all from his chisel. Beautiful as these works are, however, his basso-relievos are even still more esteemed, and have been so often repeated, that it is not necessary to do more than name the lovely Cupid weeping as he shews Venus his tiny finger newly stung by a bee—Bacchus giving Cupid wine from a cup—Minerva placing the butterfly on the figure formed by Prometheus—Hygeia giving drink to the serpent of Esculapius—Cupid trying to restore Psyche to life with his dart—the Muses dancing round the Graces to the sound of Apollo's lyre, &c.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the history of the great sculptor, who is justly the pride of Denmark. Most of his more celebrated works being preserved in the *Academy of Fine Arts*, (formerly the palace of Charlottenburg,) we did not fail to visit that flourishing institution, one large room of which is exclusively peopled by his creations; and an enchanting sight they are. We enjoyed them to more advantage from being accompanied by one of the professors of the university, most distinguished for taste, who is, at the same time, an enthusiastic admirer of his gifted countryman. The first work, after entering, is remarkable as the only piece in the collection finished by his own hand; all the others want the ripe gloss of the final touch of the master. It is the "Ganymede feeding the eagle of Jupiter," a performance as well known in England as it is in Italy. To bring himself down to the level with his winged charge, the youth gracefully bends on one knee, and with both hands, supports the goblet from which the gratified bird most eagerly feeds. Nothing can surpass the figure of the highly-favoured youth—life, grace, everything about it is matchless.

Close beside is another interesting piece—a square marble pedestal, to support a baptismal font, the copy of one executed in 1827, and—the warm south not forgetting the distant north—presented to the church of his native parish, (the books say, to Trolleborg in the island of Funen.) The basso-relievos on the four sides, are in the sculptor's best style, and the subjects most



happily selected. One represents the mother and child; then follows the baptism of our Saviour; next the scene of his touching "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and, lastly, three happy cherubs of the most exquisite beauty. It is well known that in this branch of the art, Thorwaldsen stands unrivalled in modern times: his basso-relievos are superior, even to those of Canova himself. Witness his beautiful performance "Alexander's entrance into Babylon," in the Pope's palace of Monte-Cavallo, at Rome, and some in the same style finished for Munich. Indeed his superiority is sufficiently attested by two of the lovely gems in this collection, of which the originals are in the possession of Prince Metternich and Lord Lucan. One represents "Night," a mother with babes sleeping in her arms; the other "Day," a matron full of life, and invigorated by rest, moving joyously through the air, with roses and flowers of every kind in her bosom, to scatter over the earth, and her now-wakened son, bearing sturdily aloft his gleaming torch, to light her way.

The well-known Graces are matchless; Canova's are cold and lifeless in comparison. Another group of them may be seen here as a basso-relievo, and it would be difficult to say which is most delightful. The "Shepherd Boy and his Dog"—the "Dancing Girl"—"Venus with the Apple"—"Mercury watching Argus"—the "Jason" already spoken of—"Ganymede pouring out nectar for the Gods," and many others, will not soon be forgotten by those who have seen them, even but for a moment.

Perhaps the most charming of all his works is, that simple figure in an upper room. It has no name—at all events none was assigned to it by our companions—but, it must be a Psyche suing for pardon. What lips! they do more than speak—they implore. What eyes! there is, then, life in cold marble. What an attitude! it is more than that of a suppliant—it moves, not only to grant but to weep. And then those eloquent hands! All is perfect. Nothing produced by art can surpass this most fascinating work.

These simple creations of the chisel have always appeared to me to show the triumph of the artist more completely than complicated works. This partiality may proceed from want of taste, to appreciate the highest efforts of art, but I am not ashamed to confess that the Magdalen of Canova, weeping, wasted, solitary—the Gladiator of the Capitol, his breast heaving with big thoughts of home, wounded and expiring, lonely in the midst of gazing thousands—and, here, this gentle unsupported suppliant—have moved me more than all the fierce agonies of Laocoon, or the perils of the Queen, shrinking from the uplifted hoof of the Farnesian toro.

Of the many other interesting objects scattered through the rooms of the academy, the sculptor's own bust is among the most interesting; the chin is classical, but the rest of the head, truly Scandinavian. That it is a faithful likeness we have since had ample opportunity of confirming, by a sight of the living original. During a visit to Rome, in the spring of 1837, we found that he is still most assiduous in his labours. His studio, by far the most attractive in the immortal city, is situated in a strange out-of-the-way place, among the mews, on the Quirinal, near the Barberini Palace. Here his works and his workmen are scattered through several old sheds, affording them but indifferent shelter from wind and weather. Yet one of these uncouth places contains as goodly a company as a man could desire to be introduced to—Byron, Schiller, and one, without whom both Byron and Schiller would have had little chance of obtaining such fame, as to render them subjects for the sculptor—Gutenberg, the inventor (as the Germans maintain) of printing. The Byron is probably well known in England, but as it may be to many as new as it was to us, we extract the note made about it on the spot, as well as that relating to the other two which are destined to European celebrity: "This is the best Byron we have ever seen—nothing lackadaisical about it, as in all the album and school-girl pictures of the noble bard: he is here a plain manly Englishman, just the figure of a man who, though he wrote good poetry ('good' is a cold word for his poetry,) was yet capable of swimming the Hellespont, and leading a battalion of Greeks. The poet is seated, holding a manuscript in his left hand, and a pencil, resting on the lip, in his right. The features are soft but not to an exaggerated degree; and the hands beautifully small, but natural. The figure is about the size of life. The modern surcoat carelessly buttoned, and neckcloth as carelessly tied; the vulgar but inevitable *statuary* shoes, with tongue and latchet—the mantle thrown loosely over the shoulders and limbs,—complete a costume at once elegant and simple.

"Close beside Byron stands the colossal statue of Schiller (or rather the model) to be erected at Stuttgart—a noble performance—it arrests the attention at once by its sublime simplicity. The poet holds a volume in one hand, and appears to be in a contemplative mood, yet the fire and ardour which characterized his countenance are not altogether merged in his repose. Instead of the classic sandal, he wears the same kind of shoe as Byron. A mantle is also thrown round him. The work is to be cast in bronze in Germany; but misfortune seems to attend the attempt—the mould has



already broken twice in the hands of the founder. The colossal statue of Gutemberg has already been erected in his native city, Mayence, and is therefore well known to travellers. The expression is calm and dignified, yet not of such a high cast as to be out of character with the implements of his noble art, which he holds in his hand. The basso-relievos on the pedestal represent the printing-press, &c." — *Bremner's Excursions in Denmark, &c.*

#### LOWELL, THE MANCHESTER OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE most striking and gratifying feature of Lowell, is the high moral and intellectual condition of its working population. In looking over the books of the mills we visited, where the operatives entered their names, I observed very few that were not written by themselves; certainly not five per cent. of the whole number were signed with a mark, and many of these were evidently Irish. It was impossible to go through the mills, and notice the respectable appearance and becoming and modest deportment of the "factory girls," without forming a very favourable estimate of their character and position in society. The female operatives are generally boarded in houses built and owned by the "corporations" for whom they work, and which are placed under the superintendence of matrons of exemplary character, and skilled in housewifery, who pay a low rent for the houses, and provide all necessaries for their inmates, over whom they exercise a general oversight, receiving about one dollar and one-third from each per week. Each of these houses accommodates from thirty to fifty young women, and there is a wholesome rivalry among the mistresses which shall make their inmates most comfortable. A considerable number of the factory girls are farmers' daughters, and come hither from the distant states of Vermont and New Hampshire, &c., to work for two, three, or four years, when they return to their native hills, dowered with a little capital of their own earnings. The factory operatives at Lowell form a community that commands the respect of the neighbourhood, and of all under whose observation they come. No female of an immoral character could remain a week in any of the mills. The superintendent of the Boot Corporation informed me that, during the five and a half years of his superintendence of that factory, employing about nine hundred and fifty young women, he had known but one case of an illegitimate birth—and the mother was an Irish "immigrant." Any male or female employed, who was known to be in a state of inebriety, would be at once dismissed. \* \* \* Many an aged father or

mother in the country, is made happy and comfortable, by the self-sacrificing contributions from their affectionate and dutiful daughter here. Many an old homestead has been cleared of its encumbrances, and thus saved to the family by these liberal and honest earnings. To the many and most gratifying and cheering facts which, in the course of this examination, I have had occasion to state, I here add a few others relating to the matter now under discussion. Mr. Carney, the treasurer of the Lowell Institution for Savings, has furnished me with the following particulars:—The whole number of depositors in this institution, on the 23rd July, was nineteen hundred and seventy-six; the whole amount of deposits was three hundred and five thousand seven hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventy cents. (about 60,000*l.*) Of these depositors, nine hundred and seventy-eight are factory girls, and the amount of their funds now in the bank is estimated by Mr. Carney, in round numbers, at one hundred thousand dollars.—*Sturge's Visit to the United States in 1841.* [Among the influences most potent in good operating in this establishment, the great moral cause appears to be the discipline of the boarding houses; and, as a consequence, "the jealous and sleepless watchfulness over each other of the girls themselves. The strongest guardianship of their own character, as a class, is in their own hands, and they will not suffer either overseer or superintendent to be indifferent to this character with impunity." How far a similar organization, at home, would produce a similar result, while unsupported by a vast improvement in the pecuniary resources of the operative, is very questionable; but the establishment of some combined system, providing for the habitations and domestic comforts of the manufacturing population, is within our reach; and it is without doubt an essential preliminary to any other effort, for amending a state of things disgraceful alike to the religion and the humanity of the country.—*Athenæum.*]

#### ADVANTAGES OF INTERCOURSE WITH MEN OF LEARNING AND REFINEMENT.

THE great Lord Clarendon says, that he attributes all the success and happiness of his life to his having always sought the society and conversation of persons more elevated, more learned, more virtuous, than himself; and he was fond of saying that he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man as when he was the worst man in the company; and so it was, he adds, that he acquired a taste for good learning, severity, and purity of manners, eloquence, propriety, and masculine expressions from Ben Jonson; an admiration of humanity

courtesy, and affability, of clear discourse, and the faculty of making hard things easy from Selden; of noble daring, a wonderful graceful behaviour, and a flowing courtesy and civility from Sir Kenelm Digby, and so on. But those were the days when there were giants in the land! We have all experienced the feelings of respect, and even of affection, with which we look up to those from whom we derive instruction, particularly if that instruction be conveyed in such a way as not to wound our self-love by the exhibition of any consciousness of superiority, or any assumption of authority on the part of our informant. Now I have constantly observed, among the visitors of our garden, that those, and they are many, who make inquiries respecting the names and qualities of the animals from the persons whom they think are likely to be better informed than themselves, express themselves as highly obliged when their curiosity has been gratified, and go away with the kindest feelings towards their informants. Shortly after our garden was open to the public. I observed two countrymen attentively examining a pair of wapitis (the great North American stag): one of them, after expressing some surprise not unmingled with terror at the enormous size of the beasts, and at the ferocity of the male animal, who frequently struck his horns violently against the railing of his inclosure, addressed me with great civility of manner, and asked "if the like of them would eat a man?" I said, "no; but he would strike, and even kill you, if he was angry, but he would not eat you; no animal with cloven feet and horns eats flesh." He pondered for a moment, and then, with something of a triumphant and knowing expression, said, "and wouldn't a pig eat flesh?" "O! Jemmy, Jemmy," exclaimed his companion, reproachfully, "where's your sense?—did you ever see a pig with horns?" "Well, that's true for you; you have me there, sure enough," (answered his friend.) "Sir, I heartily thank you," said he, turning to me, "you've told me what I never knew before; it's a great thing to have knowledge," and he went away soliloquising thus to himself, "well, well, that beats the world; if a beast has a cloven foot and horns with that, he won't eat a man or any other sort of flesh."—*Sir Philip Crompton's Lecture before the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland.*

### The Gatherer.

When Gustavus III. of Sweden died of the wounds he received from Ankerström at the masked ball during Easter, in 1792, he left a large coffer and a small one to be placed in the hall of the University of

Upsal, the town in which the coronation of the Kings of Sweden is performed, with injunctions that they should not be opened until the expiration of fifty years from the day of his death. The fatal blow was given to him April 15, and he expired on the 29th, consequently, the stipulated period will have elapsed on the 30th of April next, when the mysterious depositories will be opened and inspected with all due solemnity.

*The Niger Expedition.*—From advices just received from Fernando Po, we learn the distressing intelligence, that the model farm established by the unfortunate Niger expedition has been finally destroyed; the blacks in charge of it having been murdered by the natives, and Mr. Carr, the superintendent, who had returned to the farm from Fernando Po, having been carried prisoner into the interior.

*Statistics of Distress.*—At a meeting of the Statistical Society of London, held on Monday evening, —Viscount Sandon, president, in the chair,—a paper by Henry Ashworth, Esq., one of the directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, was read, on the present depression of trade at Bolton, shewing the mode in which it affects the different classes of the manufacturing population, from which we find that the loss to the town by the partial or entire closing of mills amounts to 201,600*l.* per annum in the matter of wages alone; and, estimating the comparison of the comfort of the operatives by the year 1835, when they had full work, and wheat was 39*s.* 4*d.* per quarter, the increased cost of food must be added, which amounts to 118,960*l.*, forming a total of 320,560*l.*, equal to 1000*l.* for every working day. The people dread pauperism, and make all sort of shifts to live, by pledging and selling their furniture and clothing. In December last an inquiry was instituted by a committee of the inhabitants of the town into the condition of 1003 families, consisting of 5305 persons, and it was found that the net earnings per week amounted to 329*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.*, which, with deductions of rent, left 310*l.* for food, fire, clothing, &c., making an average of from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 2½*d.* per head per week. The number of families out of 1003 having beds were 950, and amongst all these were found 1553 beds and 466 blankets; 425 persons were sleeping on floors, 609 families had no change of linen, and 511 families were accustomed to pawning. Among the 5305 persons visited, there were many whose earnings did not exceed 11*d.* per head weekly.

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